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DEEPROOTED FORCES CAUSE THE HILLSVILLE TRAGEDY.

From Fighting Forbears Waged Incessant Battle Against Law of the Land—Sidna Allen, Land Owner, Powerful, Popular, Imperious, King of a Small Principality and Patron of Illicit Distillers—Entire Clan Resented Political Defeat by Attorney W. M. Foster.

Writing under a Hillsville date line, Alfred B. Williams, editor of the Roanoke Times, in something over a page story for his paper, has this to say, in part, of the Allen clan and the Carroll county horror:

To understand the full story we must go back a good many years and try to get the surroundings clearly in mind. The father of the Allens, the originator of the family, was Jerry Allen. Some of the oldest people in Hillsville have been consulted regarding the family descent, but nobody seems to know it further back than Jerry Allen. Judging from his name and from some of the family characteristics, he was of Scotch ancestry, but it seems impossible to ascertain when he came into this country or from what section, or whether he was born here. He was a man of excellent character and a Confederate soldier who served through the war faithfully and bravely as a private. In civil life and in the county he was known as a man of very quick temper and a fighter, probably the champion of the county, but always using his fists. He was not ferocious or savage, but he was ready to take offense on small provocation or to accept anything that could suggest itself to an eager mind as a challenge. In a cove of the mountains he brought up seven boys and two girls. All these sons and daughters of his grew up to be thrifty, of very much quicker mind than their average neighbor and given to battle. All of them seem to have prospered abundantly according to the standard of their section. All the boys acquired land and homes and proved themselves to be good business men. Naturally, they established strong and wide influence. They had the combined force of brains, unusual courage and aggressiveness and a strong family or clan feeling which held them together, and enabled them to act practically as an organization. They were proud to be known as "the fighting Allens". They would fight singly; when it became necessary to maintain their family tradition of supremacy they fought together. On occasions when their tempers, which they seemed rather to cultivate, broke over all bounds they would fight each other.

A Battle of Brothers.

A few years ago Floyd and Jack Allen, brothers, became involved in some dispute and Jack shot Floyd through the body. Floyd fell insensible or fainting and Jack, in a fury of rage, beat him about the head with the barrel of a revolver until actually the blows on his skull or the flow of blood revived the wounded man, and with some weapon, knife or pistol, he wounded Jack desperately. Floyd Allen did not recover from his wound in many months, and he and his brother were regarded as at deadly feud. Everybody expected that they would kill each other. One day they met in the court house yard at Hillsville. One of them immediately drew his revolver, but the other quietly beckoned him aside and they held a conversation in undertone; the final result of which was that they became firm friends.

Backing Moonshiners.

Nobody knows positively, so far as can be learned here, that the Allens engaged directly in moonshining. It was suspected through the county, however, that they were the backers of many small illicit distilleries, helped the moonshiners by giving them protection and warning and in placing their product and took considerable shares of the profits. Sidna Allen, for instance, owned a thousand acres of good land, has a handsome country home—although imaginative correspondents have exaggerated its value very largely—and a store, supplying the neighborhood with goods. It is said he has a number of tenants on his place and that he has lent money and advanced goods to many of his poorer neighbors.

Naturally these conditions make him not only powerful, but popular. He is a kind of a king of a little principality with his dependents bound to him by obligation and affection; for he is a good and kind if imperious neighbor, liberal and hospitable, his home and bounty always ready for those he does not dislike.

Homes of the Allens.

Floyd Allen, oldest of the brothers, and apparently regarded as the head of the family, lives six miles west of Hillsville in a beautiful section of the country, near the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains and the entrance to a gap through the mountains known as Fancy Gap. His brother, Sidna, lives near the top of the mountain on a fertile plateau. Jack Allen lives on the other side of the mountain near the western end of the gap. One of the Misses Allen married an Edwards. Other members of the family are scattered in the county, but in the same general section. Victor, who is said to be a licensed preacher, is a man of substance, who also has a store and a comfortable home.

What Hillsville Is.

Hillsville, the capital and court house seat of Carroll, is a little more than a hamlet. It is twelve or fourteen miles from the nearest railway station. Most of the roads are fearful in the winter time, although winding through successions of picturesque and wild mountain scenes. Its only direct communication with the outside world during bad weather is through mail carriers and one telephone line built and managed by a local organization, with willing but untrained operators, and a wire, cheaply established in the first place and subject to many interruptions in bad weather. Incidentally, this last fact accounts for the confused, fragmentary and frequently contradictory reports which have come since the little town became the centre of the horrible interest of the entire country and the attention of the newspapers. The central office at Hillsville is a room in a private residence. Remote and unprotected Hillsville has no charter of incorporation, no local government and no police protection. The last census gives it 445 inhabitants. From outward appearances it hardly seems to have so many. It straggles along much ground, most of it strung on one street, unpaved except in the immediate neighborhood of the court house and without the slightest suggestion of roadway except the ordinary mud of the country thoroughfare.

There is no symptom of a street light and people who must go about at night use lanterns or feel their way. It has the usual equipment for towns of its size, a few stores, a livery stable or two and comfortable, seemly looking, but unpretentious dwellings, two or three frame churches and two hotels, one adjoining the court house yard and the other very small.

It is easy to understand how in a community like this a few determined men like the Allens and their kin and friends could take possession and hold full sway whenever they chose. They could ride and shoot about the streets, fight their enemies in the roadway or on the court house green and feel safe from interference, except now and then, when they encountered some determined man like Mr. Landreth, already mentioned, who made an individual fight against them. As is usual everywhere, peaceful merchants and residents were only too glad to avoid trouble with invaders so formidable and to keep clear of the antagonisms with them. Through ten or twelve years the Allens have done as they pleased.

Cocks of the Walk.

They learned to feel that they were the cocks of the walk of Carroll county. As the younger men grew up this feeling became intensified and the expressions of it more arrogant and constant. Many of them were given an education superior to those enjoyed by the boys around them. They had money, to an extent, at least, social prestige and the constantly increasing terror of the Allen name and clan. It is a characteristic little incident, told by the young lady in charge of the telephone office, that not very long ago, when she had trouble in giving a connection from a country house, the man's voice from the other end of the line remarked, sharply:

"I reckon you don't know who I am. I am one of those fighting Allens. And you had better give me connection quick."

To which she responded promptly:

"Well, I am one of the fighting Wilcoxes, and if you come about me I'll be prepared for you."

Contrary to usual conditions, however, the women of Hillsville seem to be in about as much fear of the Allens as any of the men, always dreading lest some of the men of their families might be hurt.

Political Complications.

Political animosities bred among the Allens deep personal resentments. Several years ago a son of Jack Allen, one of the oldest of his generation and to whom the family looked with pride to win for it new prominence and power, was a candidate for commonwealth's attorney. He was educated at Washington and Lee university, took a law degree and was bright and promising. He was defeated, however, by Mr. W. M. Foster, after a close and hot fight. This embittered his whole connection, especially against the commonwealth's attorney and the Republican office-holders around the court house. The feeling against Hillsville and its people became fiercer and more intolerant than ever.

Should Never Go to Jail.

Among the other family traditions they had established among themselves was that none of the Allen kith or kin ever should wear stripes or go to jail. In other words, having pretty well tyrannized over the people, they determined to assert themselves as above the law and its representatives. Possibly they did not realize that they were defying the commonwealth, the country and the world. They never were people who traveled much or looked much beyond their own immediate surroundings and circle. They viewed the law through its representatives in and about Hillsville and probably acquired more or less contempt for it. They fought the local Republican organization, the dominant political force in Carroll, on all occasions. They declared repeatedly their purpose to prevent any of their people being punished for any offense against state or United States laws. It is related that Jack Allen once was driving along a public road with a wagon load of moonshine liquor. He met a United States deputy marshal, who stopped him and inquired with what he was loaded. His response was "with whisky and manhood," and the marshal did not care to interfere.

The family took the same attitude toward the state court. During Judge Jackson's service on this circuit he was annoyed continually by hearing of the defiance and threats of the Allens. On one occasion one of the Edwards boys, nephew of the older Allen, was convicted of a misdemeanor and sentenced to jail. Word was sent into Hillsville that the town would be shot up if any attempt was made to incarcerate the young man. However, the Allens somehow were reconciled and the young man was taken to jail by the sheriff single-handed.

It is believed that Judge Massie to a short time before his death was deceived into the belief that the "fighting Allens" had been brought to see reason and to consent to obey the law and to yield themselves to its mandate. This was despite the fact that it was generally known that when Sidna Allen was tried in the United States court at Greensboro, N. C., [illegible] counterfeiting twenty-dollar go[illegible]es, the Allens had agreed amo[illegible]emselves that if a verdict of guilty was rendered they would shoot their way out. This was known to United States officials and has been established by their published statement.

The Judge Warned.

As has already been published, however, Judge Massie had received information recently convincing him that trouble would result if Floyd Allen, who was to be tried at this term of court, was convicted. He went to his duty with a strong reason to believe that he was going to his death.

As has been said, the Allens have been giving trouble and spreading fear of themselves in Carroll county for the last ten or fifteen years, known as desperate and dangerous men, despite their financial responsibility and the increasing ages of the brothers. Mr. Foster, the commonwealth's attorney, had told his friends frequently he believed the Allens would kill him or try to do it. Mr. Goad, the clerk of court, had been threatened personally by members of the family because he had stood against them politically.

The Immediate Trouble.

These were the conditions. Everybody was more or less apprehensive and there was more or less nervousness through the Hillsville community. The immediate trouble began last April. Then two of the Edwards boys were arrested for disturbing a religious meeting, having gone to a church and cursed and threatened some of their supposed enemies and been generally disorderly. In truth, it may be remarked that while the Allens are supposed to have been involved in the moonshining business, none of them are heavy drinkers. All of them use liquor with more or less freedom, but it is said that they rarely or never show the effects of it; and a peculiarity of Sidna Allen is said that in his deadliest moment, when he is most intent on killing, he is smiling and laughing. A warrant was issued for the Edwards boys. Deputy Sheriff Samuels, as brave a man as there was in the county, served the warrant. Faithful to the family tradition, or compact, against allowing any of its members to be imprisoned, Floyd Allen, notwithstanding his 55 years, attacked the deputy sheriff savagely and beat him badly with a pistol, besides threatening him with immediate death unless he left the boys alone. In the face of this attack and the accompanying threat, Samuels released his prisoners, reported the facts and had a warrant issued. In his usual defiant way Floyd Allen surrendered and gave bail.

Drove Samuels Out.

Samuels was and is a brave man, but few human nerves could endure the reputation of the Allens, their continual threats and bluster and the influence of the surrounding dread of them. Believing that his life was endangered and that he had not a safe moment, day or night, Samuels left the county and went over into North Carolina. He returned, however, for the trial.

As far as can be discovered now, all the officials concerned, including the jurors, did their duty fearlessly. The only mistake seems to have been that a special force had not been summoned to maintain order and that the Allens were not searched, as the sheriff and former Sheriff Blankenship suggested to Judge Massie should be done. They rode into town the day of the trial. The evidence and argument were concluded Wednesday evening. The charge of the judge to the jury was strong against Floyd Allen, amounting almost to instructions to convict.

"OLD HICKORY'S" FAIRNESS.

Would Stand Abuse From Man Who Had Won the Right.

Andrew Jackson had two sorts of reputation. He is credited, on the one hand, with being the father of the spoils system, but on the other hand he is said to have been stanch and stubborn against wire pulling. A story told in the Washington Post throws light on the best side of Jackson's character.

When Jackson was president, Major Gibbon, a New Jersey man, was postmaster at Richmond, Va. A delegation from Richmond waited on Jackson to demand the postmaster's place for a Democrat.

"Isn't Major Gibbon an old soldier of the Revolution?" asked Jackson.

"Well, yes."

"Any charges against his official character?"

"No-o. But he stumps up and down the streets of Richmond abusing you and your administration."

"Does he?" said Jackson grimly.

"Yes; and, besides, he's an old time Federalist."

"Well," said Jackson, seriously, "you call tomorrow morning and you shall have an answer."

When the delegation had withdrawn Jackson sent promptly for the auditor of the postoffice department.

"Mr. Auditor, what sort of an officer is Major Gibbon, postmaster at Richmond?"

"A model postmaster, Mr. President."

"Any charges against his official integrity?"

"None whatever, sir. His accounts are scrupulously correct, and always rendered on time."

"That will do, Mr. Auditor. Good morning."

Next day the delegation called promptly, expecting to receive Major Gibbon's head.

"Gentlemen," said Jackson, "you admitted yesterday that no charge lies against Postmaster Gibbon's official character or conduct. This is certified to by the accounting officer of the treasury. But you dwell on the fact that he villifies me and openly opposes my politics. For that you would have me turn adrift and penniless an elderly man—the man who lead the forlorn hope at Stony Point, and left his right leg there. Such a man, gentlemen, has bought the right to entertain his opinions, and speak them, and to abuse me as much as he pleases. While Andrew Jackson holds the White House, Major Gibbon shall not be disturbed in his little office. You have my answer. Good morning."

A woman who can speak seven languages generally does.

Miscellaneous Reading.

CAN BEAT ROOSEVELT.

Strongest Man the Democrats Can Nominate.

During his recent lecture visit to Bennettsville, Governor Vardaman gave out an interview in which he expressed the opinion that Underwood of Alabama, was the strongest man the Democrats could nominate for president, and a correspondent of the daily papers took occasion to interview Hon. John L. McLaurin on the subject. Mr. McLaurin expressed himself as unequivocally in favor of Woodrow Wilson. He said:

"I am for Woodrow Wilson. I believe that he represents the progressive elements in the Democratic party, and that we can elect him, if he secures the nomination.

"I know Clark and Underwood, and both of them are good men, but they do not represent what Wilson does. Harmon is too old and suits Wall street too well to amount to much if he is elected. There is a wonderful similarity between the positions of Wilson and Roosevelt. Their views are much the same. They are about the same age. Both are progressive. The masses of the people in either party are for them and the politicians are against them. The difficulty with each is to secure the nomination. I believe either of them would be elected if nominated against any other man, but my opinion is that if Wilson were nominated by the Democrats and Roosevelt by the Republicans that Wilson would be elected. I believe Underwood or Clark could beat Taft, but do not believe that either one of them could beat Roosevelt. In my judgment the only man yet named who can defeat Roosevelt is Wilson."

EDUCATIONAL BLUNDERS.

Teaching Science Old, But Yet Much to Be Learned.

If every parent of a schoolgirl who brings lessons home to be studied, would put his or her foot down upon the practice and send the child back to school the next day with the lesson undone, and with a polite but firm explanation to the teacher, one of the most salutary impressions would be made upon our modern school system. That the whole system of home study is wrong admits of no question. The teachers who insist upon it know it, but they are powerless to act. Nothing would please them better than for the parents to act, but only the absolute prohibition of the practice at the hands of the parents can make any impression. No practice ever instituted leads so surely to deception. When there are two or three boys or girls they get together and work their problems, each working a few and then combine results. Instead of getting 100 per cent of the work each child gets about 25 per cent, but next day he is credited with a perfect grade.

Where the parents take a hand in the problems the result is even more disastrous. Every parent knows that he or she is sometimes staggered at the problems that the child brings home. A boy in the seventh grade not long ago took home seventy problems to be worked and handed in next day. It took the combined efforts of the boy and three adults to accomplish the task. The next day the boy had a perfect grade. Where the boy must work out his own problems the result is even more unfortunate. His mind is not fresh and his vitality is low, and whatever he gets out of his lessons—if he really gets anything—is got at the expense of mental vigor and loss of sleep.

Home study, under any conditions, defeats the very end it is designed to bring out, and it should be absolutely forbidden by parents. Then it will be abolished; the school curriculum will be changed, and our children will be the gainers, both mentally and physically. But the conviction must first be sure, and then the stand must be firm and resolute.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Parents of children, I respectfully ask that you take due notice of the state of "educational" affairs as at present existing. A bright girl, aged 15 years, has been tortured to the verge of collapse of mind, brain and nervous system by the, to her, horrors of high algebra.

Her mind was of such a nature, as given her by the Creator, that she could not possibly comprehend algebra or any other branch of mathematics. But music, literature, poetry and the languages were her delight. She could learn the grammar, not only of English, but of other languages, and she was happy in these studies. This was so because her mental nature was of this order. And all human powers of incessant torture cannot change it.

Early in the study of complex algebra she saw that she must fail. Deep was her terror of approaching examination. I have seen students in more alarm and within deeper suffering when coming to examination day than some criminals on their way to sentence to prison. She simply could not endure the humiliation of total failure before the entire class; but there was another source of horror—disgrace—which she fancied would be brought by herself upon father and mother.

Now I think that this awful mentological crime could happen in a great modern state.

I put in seven years teaching the mathematical sciences, and assert that I encountered quite a number of minds of students, whose ages ranged from 18 to 28 years, that simply could not form any conception of a quadratic equation, to say nothing of far higher problems. These I excused.

And I made this discovery, and here assert that it is true: The forced study of any subject abhorrent to the student causes positive, and if persisted in, permanent, injury to brain and mind.

For years I heard the statement that the study of algebra disciplines the mind. So it does if the brain cells of the student were created to accept the truths of algebra, but a direct and positive injury to the very structure of the cells if totally unadapted to mathematics. I reassert, a life-long injury.

Here is the horror forced upon this poor, harassed and tortured girl already burdened with twice too much other studies:

Find x in 2 (a less c) plus (4 a plus 2 b) less (a c less b).

This presentation is a mental crime, totally without use, and a horror carefully calculated to work permanent injury to a non-mathematical mind; but a benefit to a mathematical mind.

As well trust a dynamo or locomotive to the control of one who knows nothing of their laws as to trust so marvelous a machine as the brain to one totally ignorant of its powers, nature and possibilities.

What earthly use would this suffering girl ever have for these equations?

Education is one of the highest sciences, if indeed, it is not the highest. And after the lapse of centuries is almost totally unknown.

The legislature should completely investigate the entire school system of the state. In graded schools put students whose minds are somewhat similar—no two identical—in quiet, closed rooms by themselves. Only a select few will ever have a trace of use for mathematics higher than arithmetic.

I personally know a child of 11 years who is now taking eleven studies. A century of crime is concentrated here in this merciless torture of the little one.

Keep algebra out of every common school in this state and nation. Establish separate schools for it and let none enter save those destined by nature to be mathematically inclined. Let no more minds be tortured and ruined by totally—to them—useless algebra.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in Ladies' Home Journal.

HOW TO PREVENT BUDWORM.

The Principal Point Is Not to Plant too Early.

Every one who has grown corn to any considerable extent has noticed that while the bud-worm is of some damage to corn planted on well drained uplands, it does its chief damage in bottom lands and the moister uplands. It burrows into the base of the young stalks in such areas, and by eating out a hollow in the stalk and cutting off the supply of sap from the bud, causes the death of the plant. The customary way of remedying its damage is by replanting. This plan, in addition to the extra labor called for, is markedly disadvantageous in that such replants mature scarcely anything.

The bud-worm is about as easily controlled as any of the pests attacking corn. The fields where it was most troublesome last year, should not be planted until about May 1st—even a few days later is better. At this time the beetles have about finished laying the eggs that produce the worms, and thus there are practically none to trouble the young corn. This may seem somewhat late for planting, but it gives ample time for the complete maturing of the corn crop, and is of very little inconvenience on bottom lands.

Thorough drainage, though often rather too expensive, is a very effective way of permanently checking budworm attacks. The man who rotates his crops and turns his land deep in the fall will be little troubled by the bud-worm; because the adult laying the eggs in the spring "winters over" in among the grasses and litter over the field attacked the season before, and usually lays its eggs before wandering about to any extent in search of food. Thus the fall plowing would bury the insect itself, and the rotation would cut it off to a considerable extent from the food supply to which it does injury in the spring.

All of these measures help, but the simplest and surest plan is to plant late—on or after May 1st—on the areas which have been infested in previous years. This practice alone in the majority of cases is sufficient to reduce to a minimum the injury from the bud-worm.—Wilson P. Gee, Assistant Entomologist at Clemson.

DID LEE EXPECT DEFEAT?

The General's Significant Statement After Sailor's Creek.

My last official intercourse with General Lee was on the retreat. I was sent to him with dispatches from President Davis and reached him near midnight of April 6 near Rice's station. I approached without being challenged by a single sentinel and found him standing near a smoldering fire with one of his hands resting on an ambulance wheel. He was dictating some order to Colonel Marshall, who sat in the ambulance with a lap desk receiving his dictation. As General Lee spoke he gazed in the bed of coals as if weighing every word. There was no staff or escort about, so far as I could see. Touching Sailor's Creek he spoke bitterly and said in answer to Mr. Davis' desire to know his proposed line of retreat that it was beyond his control; that he had intended to retreat by the line of the Danville road, but had been forced off that route by the arrival of Sheridan ahead of him at Burkville; that he was then following the Southside road to Lynchburg, but the enemy was out marching him and might force him off; that his movements were dependent on the developments of each hour and then he added: "How can I tell? A few more Sailor's Creeks and it will all be over—just where I thought it would end from the beginning." When I first published this statement its truthfulness was questioned. Fortunately I afterward saw two of his staff, both of whom said that they had heard him express himself in the same way. There may have been times when General Lee, elated by some of his surprising successes, felt hopeful about the triumph of our cause. From the probabilities based on numbers and resources his judgment may have been warped away now and then by the feeling he expressed when, after Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredricksburg and Chancellorsville, he said, "No general ever commanded such troops as those under me." But his mind was too mathematical in its workings, and all its calculations were too habitually based upon what could be done with a given number of men and a certain amount of material to make him forget the vast disparity between the contestants or hope for ultimate triumph.—John S. Wise, in Circle Magazine.

A man's credit is good when it comes to borrowing trouble.

POTASH IN BORAX LAKE.

Probable Source of Inexhaustible Supply In California.

The two Federal bureaus engaged in the search for potash—the bureau of soils of the department of agriculture, and the geological survey of the department of the interior—are in receipt of promising telegraphic news from their field representatives. A potash deposit of apparently great importance has been discovered at Borax or Searles lake, in the northwestern corner of San Bernardino county, California. This lake or playa is the last remaining pocket of a once much greater lake, which has almost dried up, and its central depression contains a large body of crystalline salts known to consist of common salt and sulphate and carbonate of soda with smaller quantities of borax. This salt body is saturated with brine, and interested persons, stimulated by the governmental search for potash recently secured an analysis of old sample material from this brine. The result being significant, the lake was visited jointly by representatives of the geological survey and of the bureau of soils, who took brine samples from six wells distributed over the salt flat. Analyses of these samples have been made by the co-operative laboratory at the Mackay School of Mines, at Reno, Nev., and show an average of 6.78 per cent of potassium oxide (KaO) in solution. The average salinity of the brine is 43.82 grams of solids per one hundred centimetres. Comparison of the results indicates that the brines are nearly uniform throughout the flat. The probable importance of the deposit is due to the occurrence of the potassium salts in soluble form in a natural saturated brine, and under climatic and other conditions especially favorable to its separation and recovery by solar evaporation. Existing data give reasonable assurance that the brine saturated salt body is at least 60 feet thick and covers an area of at least eleven square miles. Assuming the salt body to contain 25 per cent by volume of the brine, the total amount of potassium oxide is estimated at over four million short tons. This estimate is believed to be very conservative and the available tonnage may well be expected to exceed ten million tons, which would supply the country, at the present rate of consumption of potash, for thirty years. At any rate, it appears that this locality constitutes a very important source of potash in probably readily available commercial form.

Methods of separating potash from brines are now under investigation by the bureau of soils.

Borax lake, or Searles lake, is one of the many playas or intermittently wet and dry lakes common throughout the arid regions of the west. It lies between the Argus and State ranges, in the Mohave desert of southern California. Borax lake was the original scene of the famous 20-mule team borax mine, the borax being hauled in great wagons drawn by twenty to twenty-eight mules to the Southern Pacific railroad at Mohave, a distance of 80 miles. The lake or flat is about ten miles long and five miles wide, and has received the drainage from the surrounding hills for many thousands of years, vast quantities of dissolved minerals being thus concentrated in it. The water has been evaporated under the intense heat of the long, hot seasons, but the salts have remained, so that for most of the year, in fact, often throughout the year, the bed is a glistening plain of white salts, in attempting to cross which under a brazen sun men have lost their lives.

The mirage plays its strange tricks here, and at the driest places the traveler can generally see what appears to be a broad expanse of water covering the bed a little way ahead—always a little distance off, until he approaches the shore of Borax lake. Then when he looks behind him, he sees the water apparently covering the ground over which he has just come. The lake occupies a valley made by faults—breaks and slips in the earth's crust—where a great area has been dropped down. Borings have been made through the mud and water underlying the lake to a depth of some hundreds of feet, the deepest borings made bringing up hot mud.

A reconnoissance of the general region was made by one of the geologists of the United States geological survey in 1900 and is described in the Survey's Bulletin 200, now out of print. Borax lake itself, however, was not visited. The lake is also shown on a map in Water Supply Paper 224 of the survey, "Some Desert Watering Places in Southeastern California and Southwestern Nevada." Its nearest railroad is the Owenyo branch of the Southern Pacific, running from Mohave past Owens lake. Borax lake is situated about twenty miles from the station of Searles, on this railroad.

Many useful and curious minerals are found in the muds and other deposits of Borax lake, including, of course, borax. Among them are gypsum, glauberite, carbonate and sulphate of soda, salt, thenardite and hanskite. The last carries as much as 2.33 per cent of potassium, equivalent to 4.44 per cent of potassium chloride.

The salts are not evenly distributed over the surface of the lake. Borax was found plentifully over about three square miles, common salt is everywhere, and sodium carbonate and sodium sulphate are widely distributed. One boring is said to have passed through 28 feet of solid trona (hydrous carbonate of soda) of great purity. At other places there is 25 feet of solid mixed sulphate and carbonate of soda, with smaller quantities of other salts. Although the lake bed is dry most of the time, a few inches under the outer crust there is always water—a bittern heavily impregnated with salts.

Several years ago an English company attempted to work the soda deposits on an extensive scale, but for some reason the work has not been pushed. This company sunk a number of wells, casing them through the soda deposits. It was found that a heavy stream of water could be pumped continuously without perceptibly lowering the water level. Potassium chloride and sulphate, the forms in which potash salts are most likely to be found in such deposits, are among the most soluble of salts and are likely to be much more generally diffused than salts less easily soluble. That the entire body of water and mud in the lake contains potash in a more or less uniform degree, is indicated by the results thus far attained. However, there are modifying agencies, such as springs and streams, that bring in fresh water, for the movement of water through the lake will be slow, owing to the presence of the sand and salts that fill the basin.

CASE OF BLACK BART.

Noted Outlaw May Be Released From Prison.

The law enacted by the Michigan legislature last winter, which extends the benefits of the parole law to convicts undergoing life sentence, will, it is confidently expected, says a Marquette, Michigan letter, enable Raymond Holzhay, more widely known as "Black Bart," a life prisoner with a sensational criminal record, to obtain his release on parole from the Marquette prison, where he has spent nearly twenty-three years of his life for murder. Holzhay, who has been a model prisoner for many years, expects that under the new law his sentence will be commuted to one of forty years and that he will be released on parole shortly after the commutation of his sentence.

Holzhay's career was extremely sensational and interesting from a criminological point of view. He was born in Austria and came to the United States when quite young. But little is known of his early life, scarcely more than that he was illiterate, of great physical strength and courage, and had strongly developed criminal tendencies. He was still in his teens when he began to work in Wisconsin "pineries." The life of a lumberman did not satisfy Holzhay's adventurous nature. He decided to become a bandit and began his criminal career by holding up a stage coach in the lumber district.

His success was encouraging and Holzhay, single-handed, held up and robbed coach after coach until the mere mention of his name struck terror to the hearts of travelers in the lumber region. His boldness was astonishing. While dodging the officers of the law who were pursuing him, "Black Bart" walked boldly into lumber camps asking for food and obtaining it, no man being willing to take the risk of making an attempt to seize the outlaw.

After a while, finding the robbing of stage coaches too tame, Holzhay took to holding up trains and for a considerable period he terrorized the whole northern Wisconsin and Michigan, holding up railroad trains and stage coaches, robbing the passengers and rifling the mail bags and employing his time between the bigger coups by robbing banks, stores and private houses. Large rewards were offered for his capture by the government, the state authorities and the railroads, but nobody seemed to have courage enough to earn the reward.

After having held up and robbed a Wisconsin Central train near Cadott, Holzhay went to the Gogebic region where he held up a stage coach near Lake Gogebic. One of the passengers was a Chicago banker, named A. E. Fleischbein, who carried a considerable amount of money. The banker drew his gun, but before he could make use of it, Holzhay shot and killed him. Another passenger also tried to resist, but Holzhay shot him also and after having robbed his victims, he made his escape. The authorities made a determined effort to capture the daring bandit, but although bloodhounds were used to follow his trail, no trace of him could be found.

Five days later, however Marshal Glade and Justice Welser saw Holzhay in one of the streets of the town of Republic and arrested him. He tried to make use of his gun, but was knocked down and overpowered before he could do so. He was brought to Marquette and was positively identified as the man who had killed Fleischbein. Holzhay was tried, convicted and sentenced to Marquette prison for life. During the first year of his imprisonment Holzhay gave a great deal of trouble to the prison authorities. He was moody and rebellious and not inclined to submit to the prison rules and discipline. On one occasion he obtained possession of a knife andd held one of the guards at bay in his cell when he came to take the prisoner to work. Warden Tompkins came to investigate and shot Holzhay through the hand in which he held the knife. Not until then did the prisoner submit.

Holzhay remained untractable and finally he was sent to the asylum for the insane at Iona, where the doctors decided to perform an operation on the prisoner to remove a piece of bone which pressed upon his brain. The operation was successful and after his return to prison Holzhay was a changed man. He became a model prisoner, began to study and gradually acquired a good education. Through the warden, who took great interest in him, Holzhay invested his earnings in copper stock and accumulated a handsome fortune. He was made the librarian of the prison, edited the prison paper and did all the photographic work required. It is believed that the operation on his brain has transformed Holzhay into a moral and law-abiding individual, free from criminal tendencies.

Strange Timekeepers.—To ascertain the time at night, the Apache Indians employed a gourd on which the stars of the heavens were marked. As the constellations rose in the sky, the Indian referred to his gourd and found out the hour. By turning the gourd around he could tell the order in which the constellations might be expected to appear.

The hill people of Assam reckon time and distance by the number of quids of betel-nuts chewed. It will be remembered how, according to Washington Irving, the Dutch colonial assembly was invariably dismissed at the last puff of the third pipe of tobacco of Governor Wouter Van Twiller.

A Montagnis Indian of Canada, will set up a tall stick in the snow when traveling ahead of friends who are to follow. He marks with his foot the line of shadow cast, and by the change in the angle of the shadow the oncoming party can tell, on arriving at the spot, about how far ahead the leader is.—Harper's Weekly.

Call a man a donkey and he'll be justified in kicking.

ROMANCES OF HYMNS.

Memories and Associations Connected With Great Church Music.

All great religious movements have been closely associated with hymns. In addition to this there is attached to many well known hymns a special romance, either on account of their authors or of the conditions under which they were written.

People who delight in hymn singing at home and at church and chapel know but little of the history of the hymns they sing. Most of them have a history as well as a romance. "From Famous Hymns and their Authors," by Francis Arthur Jones, many interesting facts about the history of hymns are to be gathered. The beautiful hymn "Abide With Me" was written by Henry Francis Lyte at Brixham, on the shore of Torbay, says the London Evening Standard, and it was his last composition. He had bidden farewell one Sunday evening to his congregation, and after strolling down his garden to the seashore he returned to his study when the sun had set, and an hour later had written the hymn and shown it to his family.

Another favorite evening hymn, "Sun of My Soul," was written by Canon Ellerton in 1860 for a choral festival. Those who have read Newman's "Apologia" are aware of the circumstances under which the famous hymn "Lead, Kindly Light" was written. The music is by Dr. Dykes of Durham, to which the cardinal attributed its success more than to his own words. Wesley's Christmas hymn, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," originally written "Hark, How All the Welkin Rings," is to be found in all hymnals and has been translated into many languages.

About the other favorite Christmas hymn, "Christmas Awake, Salute the Happy Morn," a pretty story is told. The author, John Byrom, who lived in 1745, had a favorite daughter, Dolly, for whom he had promised to write something for Christmas day. She reminded her father of his promise, and among her Christmas presents was an envelope containing the hymn. The original manuscript, headed "Christmas Day for Dolly," is now in Cheetham's hospital, Manchester, and bears evident traces of having been carried about in Dolly's pocket.

When Toplady in 1776 wrote his "Rock of Ages" he could not have conceived that it would become so widely known or so popular among all shades of religious opinion. It was this hymn that Mr. Gladstone translated into three languages, and which the prince consort asked for when on his deathbed.

It was the hymn, too, that was sung when the London went down in the Bay of Biscay in 1866. The voices of the people singing "Rock of Ages" on the doomed ship were the last thing heard by those who were fortunate enough to escape. It was this hymn, too, that Gen. Stuart, the brave cavalry leader of the southern states, sang with his dying lips.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul," is a hymn around which many traditions and sacred associations cling. The story connected with its origin may be legendary, but it is no less beautiful. Its author, Charles Wesley, was sitting at his desk by an open window when a bird pursued by a hawk flew in. The bird was saved, for the hawk feared to follow it. The incident inspired Wesley to write his famous lines.

There is an interesting story in connection with the origin of "Nearer My God, to Thee," the favorite hymn of King Edward VII. The author of the words was a Unitarian and the daughter of two people who first met in Newgate jail, where her father was imprisoned for defending the French revolution.

Hallowed by old association and fraught with many memories are the great church hymns like the "Te Deum," which for more than a thousand years has been the song of Christendom. It was chanted at the baptism of Clovis and sung at the jubilee of Queen Victoria. It was sung also after Agincourt and Waterloo, and on all solemn ocasions when the heart of the people has been moved to thanksgiving for victory on land or sea.

Then there are the "Magnificat," the "Virgin's Hymn" and the "Nunc Dimittis," which Bacon called our "sweetest canticle," both of which are intimately bound up with the stately ritual of the Catholic church. Another interesting and stately hymn from the Greek is "Hail, Gladsome Light!" which Sullivan has incorporated into his "Golden Legend" and is known in our collection of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" with Keble's translation as "Hail, Gladdening Light!" According to a legend this hymn owes its origin to Athenagoras, who in the fourth century was martyred for his faith.

Nor must we forget the great battle hymns, around which are woven many romances. Such, for instance, are the famous national hymns of France and Germany, the "Marseillaise" and "Nun danket alle Gott," around both of which crowd many memories of nations either in the hour of their direst need or in moments of their greatest victories.

Political Hymns.—Bird S. Coler, who was Greater New York's first controller, was nominated for governor of New York by the Democrats in 1902.

Mr. Coler is deeply interested in religious work, and three days after his nomination he was scheduled to address an afternoon meeting of the Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn. The other speaker was Frank Harvey Field, an ardent Republican.

It was the practice at these meetings for each speaker to lead in the singing of a hymn as a preface to his remarks. When Mr. Field got up he announced: "We shall now sing hymn 316—'Throw out the life-line; some one is drifting away.'"

The audience looked at Coler and everybody grinned—that is, everybody but Mr. Coler, who was entirely serious. After Field had finished, it was Coler's turn. He advanced to the edge of the platform and was loudly applauded. He turned the pages of his hymn-book rapidly and, after the handclapping had subsided, announced cheerfully: "We will now sing that beautiful hymn: 'When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there.'" To this day he doesn't understand the roar of laughter that followed.